MEMOIR

OF

MISS MARY SIMPSON

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Mrs H. A. Colesbury
1873

THE

TRIUMPH OF THE SIMPLE GOSPEL;

AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE

USEFUL LIFE & JOYFUL DEATH

OF

MISS MARY SIMPSON,

KILWINNING.

BY

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WITH

THE SERMON,

PREACHED ON THE OCCASION OF HER DEATH,

BY

REV. JOHN KIRK, EDINBURGH.

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CHAPTER I.

FROM HER BIRTH TO HER CONVERSION.

It becomes us, when we are visited with sore and sudden dispensations, to say, in a spirit of meek submission, "It is the Lord." In many instances, men are themselves to blame for the sad calamities to which they are subjected—for the arrival of poverty, disease, and death, the frequent and righteous consequences of sloth and sin; but in many other instances the suffering endured cannot be traced up to any prominent transgression of the sufferer. When we see, as in the case of the subject of this Narrative, a sore disease, traceable to no imprudence, indeed to no visible cause whatever, gathering and growing upon one living at peace with all men and at peace with God, we are forced to confess the presence of the hand of Him who "hath appointed to us bounds that we cannot pass." And especially, when such an af-

flicted one has been interrupted by the hand of death in the midst of advancing holiness and increasing usefulness, we are led to look for some interpretation of this mysterious providence; and, in the expanding purposes of God, for an answer to the question,—"How can good be brought out of this apparent evil?" We generally find that the soul of the departed has been ripe for glory, and that a most salutary impression has been produced upon the friends and foes of God by the unexpected removal. Such a fitness for the Master's use was apparent in the soul of our departed sister; such a beneficial effect has already been produced by her death upon her nearest relatives, —upon the church of Christ with which she was more immediately connected, and upon all those Christians to whom she was known. Many of the unconverted also have already felt its arresting power; for in several places where her death has been formally improved, large audiences have been drawn together, and more than one have been induced by a beseeching Spirit to be reconciled to God. The design of the following unpretending Memoir is simply and solely,—to promote the glory of God in the continuance and increase of this eternal good. We intend not to benefit the departed by sounding forth her praises—her praise is not of men but of God; and she is already resting on a sinless shore beyond the reach of earthly influence. We seek, by the blessing of the Spirit upon what shall be written, to inspire Christians with a steady and constraining zeal in the service of God while it is day, and especially to exhibit before sinners, by example, which, to many, is more powerful than precept, the change which is produced upon the mind by the knowledge of the

truth that "Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures"—how it brings a peace that passeth all understanding—a glowing love towards a loving God—an abhorrence of sin—an earnest desire that others should obtain the same blessed portion—a triumph over death, although He should come armed with the sharpest weapons, that thus they may be brought to ask, "what must we do to be saved, thus saved, from sin and hell?"—and at last to find, in the character of God and the work of Christ, a safe and sanctifying resting place for their troubled souls. May the blessed effects of the succeeding pages be found and felt in an eternal world!

Mary Simpson, daughter of Alexander Simpson and Elizabeth Barbour, was born in the town of Saltcoats, on the 11th of December, 1817. About two years and a half after her birth, the family removed to West Kilbride, a few miles distant, where they resided till the summer of 1830. During the latter part of that period, they waited on the ministrations of Mr. Mather, now of the Congregational church, Ardrossan, then of the Secession church, Kilbride. Mary was a member of of Mr. Mather's Bible class. He judged her to be an intelligent girl, of ready apprehension, very docile, and a pretty extensive reader for her age. During this period of her history, she made considerable progress in her knowledge of Bible truth, and, like many who have been brought up under religious training, she was much esteemed for the evidences of apparent piety which she exhibited; for the interest she took in religious intelligence respecting the success of the gospel abroad, and in the formation of meetings and classes for the benefit of the

local community; still in truth we dare not, and cannot conclude, that, feeling and responding to the power of Divine love as that of *her* Father, she was a child of God by faith in Christ Jesus. O how many there are like her, reputed to be good and godly children, who do not know Christ as their Saviour! It is delightful to hear the little prattler lisping the "*good stories*" that are recorded in the Scriptures of the worthy men of God; of Job, the most patient; of Moses, the meekest; of Solomon, the wisest; and of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. It is delightful to see and hear the young gathered around their parents on a Sabbath evening, repeating well-learned portions of the Word of God; taught to remember their Creator in the days of their youth; to abstain from sin, because His watchful and holy eye is ever fixed upon them. It is delightful, too, to see such children collecting contributions for the spread of Christ's cause at home and abroad, and listening with joy to the tale of missionary success; but, alas! the young heart may all the while be unrenewed and hostile to the will of God. It is not enough to instruct the young in the truths of the Bible as in those of any other book. They must be early and earnestly told of the evil nature of sin; they must be taken into places by themselves, and told of the greatness and the goodness of God; of the holiness and justice of his law; of the ingratitude and criminality of their sins, however small, committed against him; and when convinced by the Spirit of their danger and their need of a Saviour, let them be pointed to the Lamb of God who bore away *their* sins. Let their troubled minds be calmed by the contemplation of Him who took up little children—who pressed them to his bosom, and stretched out

his arms on the torturing cross, that they might enter the kingdom of God; and when they have been brought to love Jesus for the love he has borne them, there will be no danger of a self-righteous dependence being placed upon their religious duties, and these will be performed from a hearty desire for the glory of God and the good of souls. Our young friend seems to have been instructed, without having experienced previous impression, and consequently she reaped not the harvest of salvation. She had the form of early godliness, but not its lovely power.

In the summer of 1830, the family removed to Glasgow. There she became a member of Dr. Heugh's Bible class, whose ministry her parents attended. About two years after this removal, her mother, who was of consumptive habit, revisited West Kilbride with her husband, for the benefit of her health, never more to leave it in the body, for she died on the eighth day after her arrival. During this, her last illness, she called for Mary, "my Mary," who was instantly sent for from Glasgow to see her die. For this near and dear friend Miss Simpson mourned much. She felt the want of her as long as she lived. In later years, she frequently expressed her anxiety about the state of her mother's soul when she died. Again and again has she asked Mr. Mather, who then waited on her, what he thought of her departure; and when he has detailed her heartiness in religious exercises, the apparent interest with which she spoke of the truths she heard from the pulpit, the faithfulness with which he pointed her to the Lamb of God, when she lay upon her death-bed, and the evidence she then gave of the rest which she had in the love of Jesus, the heart of

the affectionate daughter has been gladdened by the hope-inspiring tale.

Of Miss Simpson, from this time till 1839—the year of her conversion—we cannot say much. Soon after this period, she went to reside with her brother, Mr. R. Simpson (subsequently pastor of the Congregational Church, Bridgeton). For some years prior to her leaving Glasgow for Kilwinning, she, with a younger brother, and two younger sisters, maintained a separate establishment. Meanwhile she joined the church under the care of Dr. Heugh, was regular and serious in her attendance on all appointed ordinances, and even taught a Sabbath school with zeal and pleasure, although, as was afterwards apparent, and as she herself confessed, she knew not the truth.

Those portions of her juvenile correspondence, to which we have had access, constitute a fair index to the state of her mind at the time referred to. Although she frequently wrote gaily and pleasantly, as a young woman might be expected to do, she generally evinces in her letters that seriousness and earnest desire for preparation against a dying day, which ever were attached to the years of her youth, and likewise manifests that comparative darkness in which she groped her uncertain way.

She writes thus in 1835:—

"It is indeed an awful and solemn thing to leave this world and spend eternity in another, if we have no provision for the change, if we have not an interest in that salvation which Christ died to procure; but if that salvation is ours, the prospect is truly great."

Again:—

"But we know not how long the blessing of health may continue; we may soon be laid on a bed

of sickness and death, and hear the voice saying unto us, 'Prepare to meet thy God.' Oh, then! let us not procrastinate, but improve every privilege and opportunity, trust in Christ and in the assistance of his Holy Spirit, and if we are spared to see the commencement of another year, may it find us much farther advanced in the Christian course, and more zealous in the cause of our Redeemer."

To the same friend she writes as follows in 1838:

"You have well remarked that the most perfect pleasures of this life are vanity and vexation of spirit. I think that the more I mix and am engaged with the world, the more do I feel the necessity of firmer reliance on the Divine Spirit for strength to resist temptation and remember my latter end. It is only a hope in the merits of Jesus that will never meet with disappointment. Yes, my dear C. it is faith in a Saviour that can make us smile at the troubles of this life, and also make us happy in the prospect of death."

To another friend in the same year she writes thus:—

"My dear E. if you but knew this wicked heart your judgment of it would not be so favourably formed. When I think of its coldness, its rebellion against a Being so good, so holy, and so merciful, I am caused to wonder why I am spared so long. Oh! if it were not for Jesus, what would become of us? My mind is so much engrossed with the cares of this world that Christ has not the hold of my heart and affections that he ought to have. At night, when the bustle is over, how humiliating the thought—that the things of so much importance should have had so small a share."

In the spring of 1839 she writes thus:—

"My school is getting on uncommonly well. They have collected within the last six months 21*s*. for Missionary purposes, and they have now a Tract Society among themselves. I hope that the Lord has some members of his family among them. They presented

me with a nice Bible the other Sabbath, as a token of gratitude. I ought to prize it much, both on account of its own value and the source from which I received it."

It will be apparent from these extracts, that during these years Miss S. was really desirous of acting the part of a Christian—that she had a certain zeal of God and a certain fear of God; but her future experience and confession make it undeniable that all this was "without knowledge." It is truly distressing to think that thousands continue in that state from which she was happily delivered, and believe themselves to be true Christians. The children of parents reputedly pious grow up to years of maturity—they are watched by the interested and zealous minister on whom the family wait—they are admitted to his Bible class, in connection with which they obtain much valuable scriptural instruction—from this they are raised to the table of the Lord, at which they profess to remember his death till he come—and rising a step higher in the Christian profession, they frequently are found teaching the Sabbath-school, or conducting the district-prayer-meeting. But is there not necessary a new birth? Are these positions gradually to be occupied in the same way as children at a school ascend from one department to a higher, or as students at college fulfil their curriculum? "Except a man be born again," said the Saviour, "he cannot see the kingdom of God," and the man who is not qualified to enter the courts above, is not qualified to enjoy the privileges of God's people below. A man does not grow a believer, or become progressively justified, as the tree rises or the stream widens,—he *grows holy*, he *becomes, by degrees, conformed to the image of Christ*; but, as the Shorter Catechism

answers in well chosen words, "justification is an *act* of God's free grace, wherein he pardoneth all our sins, and accepteth us as righteous in his sight only for the sake of Christ's righteousness imputed to us, and received by faith alone." And since justification thus comes by faith, an act of the mind—since regeneration is an entire change of the mind, and consequent change of heart—no one can be the subject of such a revolution, and remain altogether unconscious of the fact. "Therefore," says Paul, "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." Now how many are there, in our country, who sit down at the table of the Lord, and even take part in the benevolent and beautiful, but awfully responsible, work of teaching Sabbath-schools, who cannot tell of any blessed change having passed upon them! We have been grieved to the heart by meeting with many who told us, that when they sought fellowship with churches professedly Christian, they neither were born again nor were such questions put to them as would have made manifest the lamentable deficiency; and we are personally acquainted with the teachers of Sabbath-schools who profess their ignorance concerning the state of their souls. Oh, what can such tell the children of their charge, if they themselves know not the joyful sound! And along the well-lined tables of the Lord, on the day of the feast, does not the grieved Holy Ghost cry, "Friends, how can you remember Him whom you do not know? how came you in hither, not having a wedding-garment?" The writer knows that there are good and genuine Christians in all denominations, and that there may be hypocrites even where the strictest scrutiny is observed. He merely refers

to that which must grieve the heart of every godly man, and which every lover of Jesus must own with vexation of spirit,—that in our country those are admitted to the privileges and posts of Christians who do not live by the faith of the Son of God, "who loved them and gave himself for them." These observations were naturally suggested by the experience of the subject of this Memoir. The time of her deliverance drew nigh.

CHAPTER II.

FROM HER CONVERSION TO HER REMOVAL TO KILWINNING.

Miss Simpson was brought to the full knowledge of the truth at a series of protracted meetings held in North Albion Street Congregational Chapel, where the church assembled at that time under the pastoral care of Rev. Thomas Pullar. The meetings were almost the first of the kind that were held in Scotland in our day. Many souls were saved. They were conducted chiefly by Rev. H. Wight, then of Edinburgh, now of Carlisle, Rev. E. Cornwall, then of Leven, now of Ryton, near Newcastle, and Rev. E. Napier, then of Dalkeith, now in glory, and by the Pastor of the church. Miss Simpson attended, and soon became anxious about her own soul. She had gone as a Christian, seeking edification, and interested in the instruction and salvation of others; but, as friend sometimes accompanies friend to meet a relation, whose arrival the latter looks for and unexpectedly meets one of her own; so our sister, who had gone to

see others seeking and finding Jesus, soon felt her own need of him, and "sought the Lord while he was to be found, and called upon him while he was near." She would have entered into the peace of the Gospel even more speedily than she did, had not her previous profession and Christian reputation stood as a barrier between her and Christ. The woman who goes to a well, having her pitcher filled with muddy water, must needs empty that out ere her vessel can be filled from the clear and cooling spring. So, before that our sister could receive the truth in the love of it, it was necessary that she should cast away all her former services and feelings on which she was inclined to rely, and that she should come to Christ as a poor perishing sinner. As the meetings advanced, those anxious concerning their souls were requested to remain in the lower part of the chapel—that words, if possible, still more plain and pointed, and appropriate, might be addressed to them. Miss S. felt ashamed to wait among such, and thus confess herself to be unconverted; accordingly, she one night, with some others, perhaps similarly affected, retired unseen to the gallery, and heard the words addressed to the weeping below. On that occasion Mr. Cornwall spoke. He narrated a fact exactly fitted to remove the barrier by which Miss S. was beclouded. Mr. C. has kindly communicated the anecdote. We give it in his own words:—

"A little girl belonging to my Sabbath evening school waited to ask me to visit her mother, who was very ill. I lost no time in going. On entering the room where the woman was lying, I saw at once that her days were near a close. The hectic flush on her cheek—the over-bright eye, told me too plainly that she was dying of con-

sumption. Taking a seat near her, I inquired whether or not she had any hopes of recovery. She said that she had none, and knew that she was dying. I felt inwardly thankful that she knew it, —knowing the flattering nature of the complaint. 'Well,' said I, 'you are dying, and what comes after death *to you?*' 'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'there is my distressing difficulty. It is now twenty years since I became a member of an Independent church, and I never doubted that I was a Christian till I was laid on this sick-bed. And when distressing doubts and fears enter my mind, I try to get quit of them by remembering my past evidences—how I have been deemed a Christian, &c. and then I obtain a few gleams of comfort, and hope that I am going to heaven; but then, Sir, my sins come back to my recollection, and I am cast down and afraid that I am going to hell." 'Thus,' she continued, 'I am tossed up and down between hope and despair.' I then told her that there was a quick way of getting delivered from all doubts and fears, and that was,—not by propping up her hopes of going to heaven, by looking to her evidences—but by throwing all her evidences to the winds—and coming at once to the conclusion that she had been deceiving herself, and never had passed from death unto life, and then, *as a sinner*, and nothing but a sinner, by looking to the love of God in giving Jesus to die for her sins. I added, 'it will do you no harm, in any point of view, to come to this conclusion regarding your present state. For even granting that you have been born again, this will only lead you to look more than ever to the cross of Christ. It will never cause a house to fall which is truly built upon a rock, to say to it that

it is built upon the sand. While, on the other hand, if you are deceiving yourself, in dreaming that you are a Christian, this is the only way by which you can be saved, by going to God as a sinner, and by believing his love in giving Jesus to die for you.' I left the house, and called again the next day. She was then too ill to see me. I repeated my visit shortly after, and when I entered the sick chamber I was agreeably struck with the altered manner and appearance of the poor invalid. Her countenance indicated deep inward tranquillity. 'Come away,' she said, 'I am now happy.' 'What gives you happiness?' 'Oh! Sir, I took your advice. I gave up all thoughts that I was a Christian, and I just came to the Cross as a hell-deserving sinner. I believed that Jesus who died for me would not cast me out, and I got what I came for. I am now at peace, and I am not now afraid to die. Jesus died for me.' And then she added, with streaming eyes, 'when I saw you the other day I had two sources of anxiety —the first was about my soul's salvation,—the second was about my children. I have a large family. The most of them are infants, or very young. My husband is dead—my father is dead —my brothers and almost all my male relations are dead; and, oh! what anxiety I have had about the prospects of the children when I would be gone! But now, Sir, my anxiety has fled. I have no fears now about my children. I believe, (she added, in a voice of triumphant emphasis,) that He who has died to save my soul will take care of my fatherless children when their mother is lying in the grave.' She lived after this four or five weeks; and in the increasing enjoyment of

the same peace from the Cross she departed to her Saviour and her God."

This was just what Miss Simpson needed. She required some one to speak to her in the very words employed by Mr. C. on the occasion above narrated; and the advice possessed to her additional power from this consideration, that when obediently complied with, it had brought peace and joy to the troubled and trembling spirit.

Our sister at this time did enter into rest. Although on subsequent occasions, which will be duly noticed, she obtained peculiarly impressive views of the love of God, such as she had not previously experienced, yet the impression is rightly founded that dates her conversion to April, 1839. She was not silent concerning her change. We find her writing to a friend in the same month:—

"I have much to tell you about Revival Meetings that have been held here lately, and attended with remarkable success. About sixty persons have openly and earnestly been asking what they must do to be saved. Christians have been very dilatory in doing what they ought to do, to bring sinners to Jesus."

We cannot better give the reader an idea of the change which at this time passed upon Miss Simpson than by copying a letter which she wrote to a beloved friend, a constant correspondent, about a year after her conversion.

"Glasgow, 28th May, 1840.

"My Dearest Eliza,

"I always feel a delight in reading your kind letters, but this one excels any I have yet received in interest; so much so, that I have commenced to answer it as soon as I got it read. My principal concern was about yourself; and, my dearest E. you have been candid,

and I do expect and pray that that candour will result in your happiness and the glory of God. I do think you are in the same state in which I was two years ago myself. I thought I was a Christian. I was a member of a church, and I thought I was in earnest, but when I reflected I found that my happiness was not genuine—when I looked to death I could not say that I was able to meet it calmly. But the moment I admitted that I was not a Christian I was led to trust to the righteousness of Christ, and since that time I have enjoyed a happiness that I never knew before: and the Bible says that if we walk by faith in Jesus that peace will never leave us. I am opposed to the doctrine, that God hides his countenance from his people, and leaves their minds in darkness. No! No! He says—"your sins have separated between you and your God." He often afflicts his people bodily, but if they walk with him they will enjoy continually the light of his countenance, and in their afflictions they are led to enjoy it more. My dearest E. it is impossible to believe the Word of God and not enjoy peace. It is said that Christ was given, that "whosoever believeth on him might not perish but *have* everlasting life."—Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out. Now, this is the word of God. Would we feel anxious concerning a thing we had in our hand? Surely God's word is better than this. But take a case in illustration:—If I owed you £1, and had no money to pay it—I would feel very concerned about it. You meet me one day and ask me "what is the matter?" I say, "Oh, the money." Well, you say to me—"I have plenty of money of my own,—I make you a gift of the debt freely—I will never require it at your hand." Surely, if I believed you, I would be happy and grateful. But suppose I meet you three days after, and am still in distress,—you say, "What is the matter?" "Oh, the money," I reply, "What! Did I not tell you that I made you a free gift of it?" you would say, and would have good reason to be angry with me for disbelieving your word. Now, God and we are in the same circumstances. We have nothing to give; but *Christ hath*

done all, and says, 'Come and *take* of the water of life freely.' And, oh! it is a serious matter to tell God to his face, 'I cannot believe you.' But, my dearest E. there is a difficulty here which many feel, viz. they try to believe, but cannot. Now, this is a last attempt of the heart to trust to something of itself. Thus the inquirer is made to look to the act of believing apart from the finished work of Christ; and this will never do. Forget yourself entirely and keep looking at the sacrifice and word of Christ. When your mother tells you any thing, do you ask her *how* you are to believe her word? No, no; you have confidence in her veracity, and that is sufficient. Now, my dear E. there has been a great mystery wrapped by men about the simple belief of the truth, that is far wrong. Remember, I am not advocating any of our own works. No; it is still of God. But He has given us power to believe His word and rest on it, or he never would have commanded us to do so. Oh, I wish I were with you; but when we do meet, I trust I shall shake you by the hand as one who is not only happy but rejoicing in the truth. If any doubts were now to come up to my mind, my duty would be not to think of the past, but to rejoice that there is yet mercy with Jesus—to come to him as if it were the first approach I had ever made, and trust him for salvation. Now, my dear E. it is not the past we have to do with, but the present. If you find that you have not peace in believing, admit the truth at once, that you are *not* believing, and look at the sacrifice that Jesus offered on Calvary,—look at the offer he is now making you in His Word—forget yourself and trust to that alone. Oh, I tremble lest any imperfection in my statement may leave a stumbling-block before you. But you have the Word of God. It is right, and cannot err.

"Your ever attached friend,

"MARY."

This letter, plain and powerful, answers here two ends; it exhibits Christ and his salvation to the unconverted reader in a manner that leaves him without excuse, and it likewise shows the de-

cided change to which Miss Simpson had been subjected. Speaking once to a Christian friend of her state before 1839, she said, "O if I had died, I would have been lost!"* The tree is known by its fruits. If a man says that he has been born again, and shows no change in his feelings and conduct, let him at once be set down as a liar or self-deceiver. And, *vice versa*, when a person really has passed from death to life by believing on the Son, he shows by his walk and conversation that he has become a new creature. In some cases little outward difference can be apparent. When the life has been scrupulously regulated by the rigid rules of a strict profession, there is little room for a change in so far as many actions and duties are concerned. The motive, however, is different. Formerly the individual prayed and paid and lived to appease God, or that he might have the appearance of a Christian, or that he might become one; but now he performs these duties out of love to the Saviour of his soul—love excited and cherished by all the gracious benefits God hath conferred on him. The one works *for* salvation; the other works *from* salvation. And, besides, there is apparent a greater cheerfulness and heartiness in religion than formerly was evinced, and the doubts and fears which were formerly experienced and expressed completely vanish away. Now, as Miss Simpson's friends, at the time referred to, observed a change in the manner in which she performed

* This forcibly reminds the writer of a remark which he heard a minister make to his people at a soirée at the beginning of the year,—"My friends, if I had died this time last year, I must certainly have gone to hell." At that time he had been their pastor. Professors, beware! Have you been born again?

her Christian duties, and indeed in her general deportment; so it may be seen at once from her letters that the heart of the writer had been delivered and renewed. Formerly she wrote to her friend as one occupying the same ground with herself, but now she writes in that faithful and searching strain which characterises the letter just perused. Formerly she wrote—"*If* we be so and so, then such shall be our portion," but now she is found writing—"I am really changed; are you, my friend?"

In November, 1838, she writes thus:—

"*If* we are Christ's disciples we must make progress in our Christian course, we must not stand still. He has promised us all the assistance of his Holy Spirit, *if* these unbelieving hearts of ours would but trust and lay hold by faith on him for it. *If* we were more careful about the exercise of entire faith and true love in Christ, we would feel more of the true joys of the Gospel."

Here all is uncertain and conditional. Observe the different strain in which she writes in December, 1839:—

"It is generally received that people may be trusting in Christ and not know of it. Now, how can this be? When men speak thus, their words prove that they are not simply and solely relying on the Cross for salvation; because, if they were so doing, *what reason would they have to fear until a greater than Christ arise.* Now, their having doubts just proves that they either are looking to something in themselves, or saying, by their conduct, that Christ is not sufficient. When the sinner looks away from himself entirely, (for as long as he keeps looking thither he has good reason to fear,)—looks to Calvary and the Cross—hears Christ saying, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out,' surely he must

take Christ at his word and trust him; *and if he does not do that, without trusting any other thing, he cannot be saved.*"

O, how precious this paragraph! How different from the preceding extract! The former may be thought serious, this is *sure*,—the former may be thought sincere, this is *sublime*. Not only does our sister appear in this quotation as knowing the Gospel, but as *nicely* knowing it. She casts away all trust in her works, in her feelings, even in her faith, and trusts in Christ alone. She knew that good works are but the *evidences*, not the *means* of salvation—that they enter not into the composition of the foundation stone, but are merely the wreath with which the brow of the believer is adorned for God's glory, whose feet are firmly fixed by faith on Christ, the sure foundation stone; she knew that her frames and feelings, far from being the ground of her confidence, were warm and felicitous only in proportion to the constancy with which she gazed into the feeling heart of her Saviour through the rent which the thirsty sword had made; she knew that her faith, although indispensably necessary to her salvation, merely led to the Saviour, and was willing to be altogether concealed, provided only Jesus was beheld as the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. She gloried in Christ—in Christ alone. To Him her duties were performed. He had all her heart. On Him her faith was fixed. "What reason would they have to fear until a greater than Christ arise!" This reminds one of Luther's golden saying, "Till Satan succeed in plucking the Mediator from the throne we must be safe!" O, my reader, take the advice here given. She being dead, yet speaketh. Think not of your works—these will